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## THE LEDGER MONTHLY

For February



AN AMERICAN BEAUTY  
The above picture is reproduced in five colors on the cover of the FEBRUARY LEDGER MONTHLY. Size 10x13 ins.

THE FEBRUARY issue of the **Ledger Monthly** is the "American Beauty" number. It contains reproductions of the portraits of the most beautiful women recently exhibited at the Portrait Show at the Academy of Design in New York. The portrait on the cover of the February issue, a suggestion of which is given above, is by that celebrated fashionable portrait painter, Carl J. Blenner, and it is reproduced in five colors, making a picture worthy of framing. To all lovers of the beautiful, this cover is worth many times the price of the magazine.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.  
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The Boston Globe's Opinion of the **Ledger Monthly**.  
For the money (50 cts. a year), no brighter periodical than the **Ledger Monthly** is printed in English. This wide-awake publication is certainly worthy of classification with the monthlies at many times the price. One has to rub one's eyes and look twice to see "Fifty Cents a Year!" The **Ledger Monthly** is brimful of suggestions for every member, young or old, of the great public's greater family.—*Boston Globe*.

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**ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers,**  
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Ask your Grocer to day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

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Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

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DON'T DELAY TAKING  
**KEMP'S BALSAM**  
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

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Use Big G for unsatisfactory discharges, inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membrane. It is a certain cure for Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all venereal diseases. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper by express, prepaid for \$1.00, or a bottle for 50c. Circular sent on request.

### PISO'S CURE FOR

WHEEZY, WHISTLING, RATTLES, AND ALL BRONCHITIS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

## GRANDMA'S VALENTINE.

(By Georgia Custis.)  
"The postman! the postman!" cried Dorothy, dancing excitedly about the nursery. "He is coming here; I hear his whistle! Oh, nurse! please may I go down and see if he has brought any valentines?"  
"Not with your cold, dearie," said nurse, shaking her head, and so Dorothy had to be content with peering over the stairs, while Donald clattered down and came back again with his hands full of envelopes, large and small.  
"One, free, six for me!" he panted, "and one, free, seven for Dorothy!" And how happy the children were as they tore open the envelopes and explained the pretty cards and verses which they contained. And then Sister Nell came in to show them her valentine, a great bunch of beautiful roses and when Dorothy asked her if she could guess who had sent them (for guessing is half the fun on St. Valentine's day), she grew quite red, and said, "Why, no; of course she couldn't; how could she?"  
And just then dear grandma came in to see what the children were making such a racket about. And, of course, they showed her their valentines and Nell pinned one of her most beautiful roses on grandma's black dress; and then, quite unexpectedly, Dorothy looked up into the sweet, placid old face, and asked gravely: "Grandma, did you ever get a valentine?"  
Grandma did not reply for a moment and then she stooped and kissed Dorothy on the forehead, and something very bright and glistening fell among the brown curls. "Yes, dear," said grandma, softly, "lots of them; but I had one which I think I must tell you about some time."  
"Oh! tell us now!" cried all the children at once; and Nell, who had been



HE HANDED ME A SMALL PACKAGE, SAYING, "GOD PITY YOU."

placing her valentine in a vase of water, joined in the general coaxing.  
"Nell," said grandma, "if you really want to hear, I will tell you about it; but wait a moment, I can show you my valentine."  
She left the room, and she was gone so long that the children had time to wonder greatly what grandma's valentine could be, and they were all gathered around her chair, with eager, expectant faces, when she returned. She carried in her hand a small, old-fashioned work box, whose covering, once bright and gay, was worn and faded now. She smiled into the upturned faces as she resumed her place among the children; but there were tears in her eyes as she said:  
"Now, children, I will show you my valentine; but, first, I must tell you part of the story. And I must also explain that when I was young people made their own valentines, and, although they may not have been as pretty as the modern ones, perhaps, yet I think they were a great deal nicer, because, you see, nobody would take the trouble to make a valentine unless it were to send to somebody that one was very fond of. Indeed, but Donald is growing impatient for the story! When I was a young girl I lived in a dear old country town, which some of you have seen. My father and mother both died when I was a very little child, and so I lived with my grand parents, and very kind and good they were to me, and I loved them very dearly. Nevertheless they were very old, and, somehow, they seemed to have quite forgotten how it felt to be young and full of life, and grandma did not understand why I was not always content to sit quietly in the house, reading or sewing all day, when all my young friends were out skating or sleighing, if it were winter, or picnicking or rowing on the river if it were summer. The old people had one amusement, however, of which they never wearied, especially in the long winter evenings; they dearly loved a rubber of whist. I could play, too, and any of my young friends who would consent to make up a game by taking a hand was always a welcome guest. I think your friend, Benjamin Worrell, is a very fine young man, grandma would say, and then he was sure to add, 'He plays an excellent game; a little reckless, perhaps, at times, but he had a good head.' Once I repeated this praise to Ben."  
"Why, that was grandma's name," interrupted Dorothy. "I remember—

Col. Benjamin Worrell, it says so under his picture in the library."  
"Yes," said grandma, smiling. "he was your grandfather; but he did not seem much like a grandfather then. He was very tall and straight, with flashing black eyes and dark curling hair, and he had a fine way of throwing back his head when he talked. People used to call him 'Handsome Ben,' which annoyed him very much; but when I told him what grandma had said he was quite pleased. 'But what a hypocrite I must be, Kate,' he said, laughing, 'to make the dear old gentleman think that I come here just to play whist, when my real reason for coming is to see you.' 'Your grandfather was always bold as a young man,' said grandma, apologetically.  
"Well, your grandfather used to come evening after evening, and he played long games of whist with the old people; but he used somehow to get in a little talk about our own affairs, although we seldom had a chance to see each other alone. And then the 14th of February came around, and I had scores of valentines, and great sport it was, for each young man had to deliver his own, and it was no easy task to do this without being seen, which would have spoiled the fun. Well, just toward dusk, I happened to be looking from an upper window, and I saw a tall figure creeping along by the garden wall. He had his hat drawn down well over his face, but I caught just a glimpse of a dark mustache, and, I assure you, my dears, it was all I could do to behave with becoming dignity, when Sophie, our old colored servant, came upstairs with a square envelope addressed to me."  
"Oh! I know!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands. "It was grandma's valentine!"  
"Yes," said grandma, "and here it is," and she drew from the box an old-fashioned envelope addressed in faded ink and in an elaborately disguised hand, to "Miss Katharine O'nderdonk."  
She handed the envelope to Nell, who, almost reverently drew forth the valentine. It was a playing-card, the Queen of Hearts, and over the back had been neatly pasted a sheet of white paper, on which were written the following lines:  
"My Kate is surely Queen of Hearts, And I will swear she's queen of mine.  
Let's play a game where Love is trumps; Sweet Kate will be my valentine!"  
The children all declared the poetry to be very beautiful.  
"But, grandma," cried Donald and Dorothy together, "what is that queer round hole right through the middle of the card?"  
"Sure enough, there was a hole, which had pierced card and envelope just as the children had said.  
"Wait a moment," said grandma, "we are coming to that. 'It was very soon after St. Valentine's day that your grandfather spoke to my grand-



VERY MUCH SURPRISED.  
father about making me his wife, and grandma was very much surprised, although our love-making had been going on for some months right under his eyes. And he hesitated a good deal, but finally, as there was no real objection, he gave his consent."  
Grandma paused here, for a few moments, thinking, I suppose, of those dear, happy days, now so long past; and the children had to remind her that they were waiting for the rest of the story.

"It was just after that," continued grandma, "that Ben had to go away on business for a few weeks, and he begged me to have a picture made of myself to give him on his return. I dearly loved to tease him in those days, and shortly after he had started on his journey I wrapped the valentine he had sent me very carefully in several thicknesses of paper, so that he would think it contained the stiff case of a daguerreotype, and sent it to him by mail. Meanwhile I had a fine picture made for him with which to surprise him on his return, but he would not give me back my valentine. 'Do you think,' he said, laughing, 'that I am going to return the first present you ever gave me? No, indeed! though I did make it myself.' And he declared that he should always carry it next his heart.  
"Well, the following spring we were married, and then we began our hut-building. Ben planned the house himself, and I went with him to Boston to select the furniture. It was while we were there that we heard the news that made our hearts still.  
"Fort Sumter had been fired upon! We read the announcement in the paper, with white face, and Ben kept saying all day, 'Oh, Kate! this is too terrible! I never thought it would come to this!' We went home with sad hearts, in spite of our carload of household treasures, for those were days when private joys and sorrows seemed as nothing in view of the danger which threatened the whole country. The governor of our state had ordered the state troops, and the militia as well, to be in readiness; and Ben mustered quite a company of his friends (the finest and bravest young men in town), and they drilled night and day to be in readiness for the call. And I encouraged him in this work, God knows, with what a sinking heart, but Ben never suspected that I was half a coward. Your dear mother was a tiny baby then, and I used often to sing her to sleep with patriotic airs to keep up my own courage. And then at last it came—the call for troops—we were expecting it; but, oh! how weak I was when I heard Ben's voice shouting upstairs, 'Kate, Kate, the president has sent for us.'"  
"I was putting baby to sleep (your mother, you know, dears) and I knelt by her cradle for just one moment, praying for strength. And it came, for when Ben entered the room I was able to smile quite bravely, and to help him pack his knapsack, for they were to start that very night."  
Grandma paused here for a moment, but no one spoke, and she went on in a low voice:  
"How well I remember that night! It was raining, and very cold and damp; but every mother and sister and wife and sweetheart in town were at the station to see them off. Most of the women were crying bitterly, but I could not shed a tear, and when Ben took me in his arms to say good-bye his lips moved, but he could not utter a word, and I could hear the beating of his heart. As the train pushed out there were shouts and cheers, of course, to keep up the courage of the men, and somebody shouted, 'Three cheers for Captain Worrell!' and the crowd took it up with a will. And then I looked up and saw my husband for the last time on this earth. He had climbed on top of the rear car and was raising his cap to the crowd (they were all life-long friends), and when he saw me raise my head (with anguish written all over my face, I suppose), his own face was convulsed for a moment, and then he tried to smile, and pointed upwards, meaning, I suppose, that we were in God's hands. And then the train was swallowed up in the mist."  
Again she paused, and again no one spoke.  
"I heard from him many times after that," she continued. "Sometimes not for months, and then a whole batch of letters would come at once—always bright and cheerful, those letters, and full of little incidents and anecdotes which he thought might amuse and interest me, seldom a word of his own privations, and even sufferings. I do not know how we women endured the long strain of that waiting for news, if it had not been that your mother was such a very young infant, I believe I would have followed my husband as some wives did, preferring anything to the terrible suspense of waiting quietly at home.  
"And then the dreadful slaughter began. But you, children, must wait until you are older to hear about that.  
"One day I was walking restlessly up and down the piazza of my little home, my baby in my arms, trying to put her to sleep as best I could without a lullaby (for I could no longer sing), when a soldier came up the path leading to the house. I knew him well, although he was greatly changed, for he was a neighbor and had been in Ben's company. I knew at once that he was the bearer of bad news, and as he approached nearer I could not speak, but just held out my hand. He laid a small package in it, saying, 'God pity you!' and that was the last I knew for many hours. When I came to myself I still held the package in my hand, and when I had the courage to open it, the first thing I saw was—my valentine, torn as you have seen, by the bullet which had pierced one of the bravest hearts that ever shed its life-blood for our country."  
There was silence when grandma had finished speaking; Sister Nell was crying and Donald whispered,  
"I say, Dorothy, let's put away our valentines until tomorrow."

If a man is given his daily bread he kicks because it isn't buttered. If love made the world go round there would be fewer revolutions.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Gibes and Ironies—Original and Selected—Fleets and Jests from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

**They're Living in Town Now.**  
When you and I were young, lass, I roamed the fields with you; In rustic swings we swung, lass, And the sky above was blue; But years have filtered by, lass, Since you and I roamed there— Now we seldom see the sky, lass, Through the smoke that fills the air.

**What Did He Really Want?**  
He entered the shop hurriedly, with the air of a man whose mind was filled by a weighty commission. Those whom he passed at the door heard him coming under his breath a formula which he seemed to fear might slip away and be lost. He approached the counter like one who wishes it were well over.  
"I wish to get," he said boldly, "some ribbon for a red baby."  
The shop girl's blank stare seemed to arouse him to a sense of something lacking.  
"That is," he said, "I would like some baby for a ribbed red one."  
The assistant was smiling broadly now, and four others, a shop-walker and seven customers gathered and grinned in unison.  
He began again. "That is—of course, you know, I mean, some ribbed red baby for one—that is, some red ribs for one baby—some one's red baby's ribs—some red ribs for one baby—some—thunder and guns, where's the way out?"  
He departed with speed.  
"I wonder," said the shop girl, thoughtfully, an hour or so afterward, "if he could have meant some red baby ribbon?"—*Tit-Bits*.

**That Was All.**  
"Well, well, well! And so that's Rube Hayricks! 'Happy old Rube' we used to call 'im. Got-hang it, how he has changed! I wouldn't 'a' knowned 'im! When did he git to be one of them populists, anyway?"  
"He ain't no populist! Jist the same old straight republican he always was. But he made a vow seven years ago that he'd never shave or git his hair cut again till Silie Williams got elected township trustee."

**Positively Insulting.**  
"I know the pumpkin pie was rather thin as to filling," said the landlady, almost crying, "but I don't think he had any right to say what he did."  
"What did he say?" asked the second table boarder.  
"He asked me if I didn't think that the pie crust would be improved if it had another coat of paint."

**You Poor Thing.**  
"Do you have any faith in this idea that maladies can be transmitted by kissing?" asked one of Detroit's young society men of another.  
"Well, sir, I was mighty skeptical till the other night. I kissed my best girl for the first time in my life, and I've had palpitation of the heart ever since."—*Detroit Journal*.

**No Room for Doubt.**  
"Upon what ground do you testify that this colored man is not a peaceable citizen?"  
"Because, sir," answered Col. Stillwell, "he comes from the same community that I do. And I have personal knowledge that he was always looking for trouble. He used to try to vote at every election."

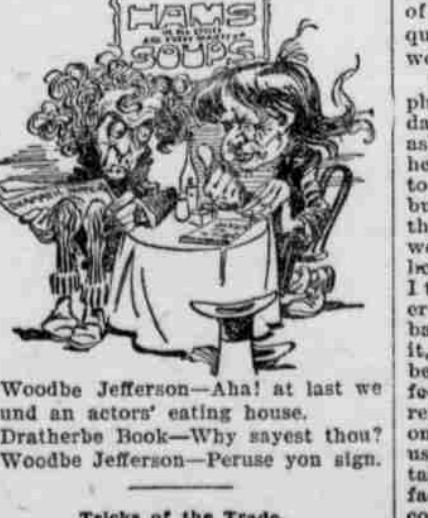
**Compliment.**  
"The manner in which you restrained yourself was masterly," exclaimed the Spanish diplomat.  
"You mean from resenting the slights put upon my country?" said the peace commissioner.  
"No. From getting into an undignified hurry to grab that twenty million."

**Hill! Ye Gods!**

**Woodbe Jefferson—Ah! at last we found an actors' eating house.**  
Drat herbe Book—Why sayest thou? Woodbe Jefferson—Peruse yon sign.

**Tricks of the Trade.**  
"Don't be fooled by this talk about 'there's nothin' in a name,'" counseled the eminent physician, as he tacked a high-sounding title on a simple ailment. "There's money in a name, my boy! There's money in a name!"

**His Criticism.**  
Young Bourbon—But what, fathah? Col. Bourbon—How ah you goin' to get a strong drawin' with watah colahs? Col. Bourbon—Of co'se, son, I don't know much about paintin', but—



WOODBE JEFFERSON—AH! AT LAST WE FOUND AN ACTORS' EATING HOUSE. DRAT HERBE BOOK—WHY SAYEST THOU? WOODBE JEFFERSON—PERUSE YON SIGN.

**An Economical Rail.**  
Chief Engineer W. T. Manning of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has invented a new rail that experts say has many points of interest to railroad owners, the principal one being its economical feature. It is well known that rails wear rapidly on curves and where there are short and traffic heavy, the cost of renewal is very large. Manning has evolved a section, which, he asserts, will reduce the cost 37 per cent per ton per year. He adds materially to the life of the rail by placing additional metal in the head and on the side upon which the wear comes. The new rail will be given a thorough test on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the receivers having ordered 1,000 tons from the Carnegie Steel Co. The Pittsburg & Western has also ordered 500 tons.

It's pretty hard to make a schoolboy believe in an all-wise providence when it storms on a holiday.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

According to the old saw every dog has his day. So has every saint, for that matter.

**Disagreeable February.**  
The discomforts of this month can be escaped by taking advantage of the winter excursions of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to one of the many pleasant resorts of the South. This line offers unsurpassed facilities for reaching the cities in the South, the winter resorts of the beautiful gulf coast, of Florida, of California, and of the West Indies. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for folders descriptive of Florida or the Gulf Coast.

It isn't vanity that makes a man go out between the acts and look in the glass.

**Oats—24 1-2 inches long.**  
The oat marvel—what will 500,000 such long heads per acre weigh? 15,200 lbs.—40 bushels! Such a yield pays best! Cut the oat marvel in 10c. 30 cents postage to JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, LA CROSSE, WIS., and get their great catalogue and 10 Farm Seed Samples free, including Bromus inermis, the greatest grass on earth. Potatoes \$1.25 a bushel. [w.n.]

The original settler in Tennessee was probably the first man who jenniss saw.

It's a mistake to imagine that itching piles can't be cured; a mistake to suffer a day longer than you can help. Doan's Ointment brings instant relief and permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Husbands are necessary only once a month—when the bills come in.

All the healing balsamic virtues of the Norway pine are concentrated in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

The hunter who is chased by a bear is lucky if he comes out ahead of the game.

**Health for Ten Cents.**  
Cascara make bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure rheumatic, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

A little child can discover more stray sunbeams than a grown person can.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See the genuine name L. H. K. on each tablet.

Our own faults always look small in comparison with those we see in others.

**FITS FREELY CURED.** No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Miles' Great Nervine. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatment. Dr. R. H. Miles, Ltd., 321 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The man who dwells in other people's memories has to pay exorbitant rent.

**TOOK HIS ADVICE.**  
A Veterinary Surgeon of Battle Creek Tells About It.  
How many times in life a few words of good advice, coming from a friend one can depend upon, will save us hours, perhaps months, of misery. The following which comes from Battle Creek will interest our readers. Dr. Oliver Guiteaux, Veterinary Surgeon of that city, a well-known man there, as well as in Kalamazoo and Marshall, speaks of his experience with the little conqueror and the result of a few timely words of advice. He says:  
"I was standing in Amberg & Murphy's drug store in Battle Creek one day when a friend of mine came in and asked for a box of kidney pills. After he had made his purchase I said quietly to him, 'You have made a mistake in buying those.' His reply was, 'How is that?' I said 'Doan's Kidney Pills are worth all the others put together.' As he wanted my reasons for thinking so I told him that my kidneys had bothered me for years, that I suffered from backache until I could scarcely stand it, that I had nearly every symptom to be found where the kidneys are affected, that I had used remedy after remedy including box after box of the one he just purchased, and that until I used Doan's Kidney Pills I might have taken as many spoonfuls of water, in fact, I think some of them hurt me. A couple of weeks after this I met him on the street, when he said: 'Doc, Doan's Kidney Pills are just as you represented. After using the box about which we had a conversation in Amberg & Murphy's drug store I was as bad as ever. I then procured Doan's and stuck to their treatment until they cured me.'"  
Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

Next to babies a woman judges her friends by their underwear.